ISHERMEN'S LUCK.

Imagicative Sportsmen.

his Interesting Fish Story Contest Drawing to a Close.

Letters Received After Noon, Saturday. Can Compete for the Prize.

> Ills Steed Was a Salmon 's nearly out with these tales so provok

an't together be laughing and smoking. by fishing yarns, though vouched by mpiries, one of my friends nearly off in hysteries, we they're all true and beyond contradic

a freak of my own appears stranger than the age of fifteen on my birthday I had

d line and reel given me by my dad, old angier saw that my flies were well tied showed me the pool where the big fishes

scarcely got wet when 'twas fixed in the

a terrible salmon, as gazers did shout, arec lours we resembled the shuttle in loom, it I gaffed him at last as he hid neath

icoon.

| pininged, but I stuck to the line and the gaff to I rode on his back for two miles and a half, util he got wedged between stepping stones. when fixed him. He weighed pounds two hundred and ten. J. Smrra, 371 West Twenty-seventh street,

Mourns the Scarcity of Suckers. There is one location where piscatorial art reached the highest state of perfection

eed is growing steadily scarcer and scarcer. s to the cause of it, of course, comions dif-r, but it is usually concluded that "Hatch i discatorial Ventures" has educated these mmon fish up to regular man-eaters or over them all to sea. At the present time requires great skill to land one. They are rep particular about the bait and the lock. A large book and small bait, or ce versa, would not even catch a bened. The writer owns a stool in this centry, and about a year ago caught a bale, and has been hanging on ever since ball to land him. He flops about like by common fish, and sometimes gets in the by common hish, and sometimes gets in the results of finance and wig les and twists sont as though in the last throes of despertion. Then again he comes to the surface is pacid as whales usually are, and sails long nearer and nearer the shore. If there is any John L. Sullivans who read The vertice World in this prisoners and until property. oubt, on applying to the editor and making reper arrangements, the address will be even.

C. C. H., 83 Cedar street.

They Were Very "Fly" Figh.

l cast my hook in Deal Lake last Summer. e fact that as fast as I baited and cast my ok the bait disappeared caused me to exine into the cause thereof. I placed a arge piece of bait on the hook and cast it in, watched it closely, and to my surprise I cheld several fish swim up, clean the hook ail the bait, taking care not to come in ontact with the point. I withdrew the hook and placed fresh bait thereon; the same performance was repeated several times. I took oftee of some neculiar marks on these fish, shich I could plainly see in the clear water, I which I could plainly see in the clear water, I which I counted four, and invariably he same fish stole the bait each time in the same manner. At last I determined to try becomer. I put the last piece of bat on he hook and cast it out. The same quartet rade for it, but before they succeeded in eaching it another one rushed up and took he hook. I was about to land him, when I as astonished to see the other four grabold of the unfortunate's tail and try to pull rge piece of bait on the hook and cast it in. id of the unfortunate's tail and try to pull un away. I yanked in my line, and the our fish retained their hold and I landed all ve. H. M., City.

The Luckiest Man Yet. I'm a passionate fisher. Every spare day I

of Canada. So we sailed straight for Halifax, flying the Stars and Stripes. Never before could we buy bait cheaper, and never were we received more hospitably than there, al trange Tales Related by Veracious and thouse such a load of fish-move. I wager, than all your fish liars ever could be about.

L. J. S., Brooklyn.

> A Boy's None for Bait. Kowta Lake is twenty miles long by two

wide. Penn Yan is at one extremity, Ham-mondsport the other. While making passage across the lake a citizen of the former place related this story: "Some years ago a friend of mine, taking his little son along, went fishing on this lake. The bow was at the father's back in the stern of the boat. Soon a violent splashing accompanied by a stifled acrean startled the father, who a noment later clutched the foot of his son, just disappearing in the waters of the lake. Pulling him aboard, he also landed assignment that the fact had waters of the lake. Pulling him aboard, he also landed a salmon trout five feet long, weighing forty pounds, with his teem firmly imbedded in the boy's face on either side of the nose. The little fellow, lying on the seat, his body half over the side of the bost, was mirroring his face in the lake. The ish sprang up, seizing him, and so lost his balance. As quickly as possible the boy was taken long, a proper and photographer were ance. As quickly as possible the boy was taken home, a doctor and photographer were called, and to-day the picture of the boy with the fish attached to his nose may be seen in Penn Yan." Doubting the story I was taken into the pilot-house, where the story was verified. The toy, now a young man, was priot of the boat. He corroborated the story fully, showing me the scars on his face.

A. V. HENNICKE, Buffalo.

Who Pitched this Weakfish?

I am not a fishern an, and, in fact, never ught but one fish in my life, and that about four weeks ago in crossing Wreckhead bridge at Long Beach. Being conductor of the train, I stepped out on the platform to give the engineer a signal, notifying him that he need not stop as we had no passengers to get off there (a usual stopping place when fishermen are on he train). In giving the signal a large weakfish, weighing at least four pounds, jumped from the water-caused to do so, I suppose, from the vitration of the newn to science. These funy tribes are all train striking the bridge and scaring the fish out of the water. It must have jumped at at least six feet. It must have jumped at at least six feet. I caught it in my hand, held haracteristics. There is one species as slip-ery as sees, another that takes more after the bark; but at the present time the most rare the common, every-day sucker. This on it, left in the baggage car and on to it, took it into the baggage car and told the boys I was going to send it to Engineer Fd Murphy. I put a tag on it, left in the baggage car, out in recrossing the bridge twenty minutes after it wiggled its way out of the door, which had been left open. But the strangest part of the Ed Murphy went fishing the following Sunday at Sag Harbor and caush the same fish with the tag on it. This is not a yarn, as the following gentlemen will make affidavit to its authenticity: Tim Johnson and Abe Freeman, brakemen: Ed Murphy, engineer, and your humble servant. and your humble servant.

J. HENRY DAVIES, Long Beach.

The Fish Were Lucky. A friend of mine asked me to accompany him on a fishing trip to Princess Bay. We started, reached there about 7 o'clock P. M. went to a hotel and retired about 10 P. M. Awoke Sunday morning at 4 o'clock, beginning nearer the shore. If there is any John L. Sullivans who read The version World and would like to take a and in this piscatorial monster. I have no out, on applying to the editor and making generally. So, whenever the to be done yours truly slumbers. W. E. KENNY.

Fished With a Dictionary.

This is offishall: Last "Fri"-day, in my light "scallop," with "John Dory" and 'Anchovey," I reached "Saddle Rock" and took my "perch" with a "pike." My "sole' catch was at first "bass," then with "a gray-line" "a blue" and "white" "weak-fish" "smelt" at the "white-bait;" "anchovey" lent me "berring," which secured the "gudgeon," and we sent him to The World office marked C.O.D. F. F. A.,

Waverley place,

Twas Only a Clam.

While trolling for pickerel in Lake Champlain I had out about sixty feet of line, with brass spoon and hooks, from the stern of the boat, while my brother was rowing. I felt a tug at my line and commenced pulling in and thought, from the motion of my line, I had a fair-sezed fish booked. But upon hauling my prize into the boat I discovered I had caught a large fresh water clam fairly in the jaws. The hooks had probably touched the clam while open and it closed on them as we were passing over a shallow place in the lake.

S. H. W., 134 West Sixty-second street.

Fish, Flesh and Fowl.

ve-every Sunday, every holiday-I go | One early Spring day while fishing for eels hing. Whenever I must excuse myself to n the upper Hudson, I baited my book and y employer for being absent from business | securely fastened my pole. I lay down on the

He lacked the spur of necessity which

In short, Richard was one of those worth-

dared to deny, and the expressive brown eyes

placed by a heavy frown, and his bright

He could not understand why a girl should

urged men on to greater deeds.

FREE LAUGHTER FOR ALL, HEARD IN THEATRE LOBBIES

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM FROM THE GREAT WHAT IS GOING ON AMONG DRAMATIC OCEAN OF HUMOR. PEOPLE.

Something Appropriate.



Nugent Spance-Well, madam, there is nothing so appropriate for an innocent child Mrs. Fauntieroy—Well, I'll look at some white suits. Are they on this counter?
Mr. Spance—No, mo'am; these are barkeepers' jackets. This way, please!

Weil Quntified.

McCorkle—It's queer that none of these railway robbers are women.

Mrs. McCorkle (indignant)-Indeed! And why? Because they know so well how to hold up a train.

They Can't Have the Last Word. 1 From the Celestial City. A reader wants to know why the ladies

don't like the telephone better. We will tell you. It is because the man at the other end can get in a last word and hang the instru-ment up before she can reply.

An Explanation. | From Terms Siftings |

Would-Be Purchaser-These cigars are maller than usual. Tobacconist-Yes: you see the cigar manufacturer noticed that the last two inches of the cigars are always thrown away, so be makes them now that much shorter.

[From the Boston Hotel Gazette.] Reporter (to hotel clerk) -- Any news ? Hotel Clerk-Suicide in room 13 last night. Reporter-Some despendent youth blew is brains out? Hotel Clerk—No, he blew the gas out.

Saved by It. 'Yes," said Smith to Jones, "I'm a hard

worker and I've always got a deal on my hands. "Yes," said Jones, "I notice you have always a deal on your hands, but then you save trouble and soap by it."

How Fortunate!

"A man in Nashville has just found \$5,000 onceated in an old trunk," read Mr. Cumso. "How fortunate some people are!" exlaimed Mrs. Cumso.

'It was Confederate money, though,"
'John, you are a brute! So there!"

[From Harper's Bazar, 1

"Papa," said Bobby Cumso, looking up from his book, "which bone is the hu-

merus?" That is the scientific name for the funny bone, Bobby," replied his papa, who prides himself on his knowledge.

> He Hadn't Taken Anything Pram Time.

"Have you taken anything for your trouble?" asked the doctor of a long, lank, hungry-looking man, who came to him, complaining of being "all run down," so that he du't seem to be ''no manuer o' correct his appearance verifying his words.

"Well, I ain't been taking much of anything, Dock., that is, nothing to speak of. I tuk a couple o' bottles o' Pinkham's bitters securely fastened my pole. Hav down on the bank for a shortwap. I was awakened to find that I had made an unusual catch, namely three wild ducks and one small eel. The eel had got hooked on my small hook, and the cert caught was about two years ago off the class of Canada. Having borrowed a clooner, a friend and I concluded to make trip in it to Canada, having at that time card so much about fish within three miles

securely fastened my pole. Hav down on the bank for a shortwap. I was awakened to find that I had made an unusual catch, namely three wild ducks and one small eel. The eel had got hooked on my small hook, and the cel, which had successfully wiggled through three ducks had in turn each swallowed the cel, which had successfully wiggled through three ducks. I had roast duck for dinner the next day instead of stewedeels.

Van, Jersey City. I a white tack, an' a bottle of Quackem's invigorator, with a couple o' boxes o' Cureen's
pills, and a lot o' quinine, and some root bitters my old woman fixed up. I've gct a porous plaster on my back, an' a liver pad on an'
I'm wearin' an 'lectric belt, au' takin' red
clover four times a day, with a dose or two o'
salts ev'ry other day; 'ceptin' for that I am't
taken nothin'."

Lillian Lewis Will Begin Her New York Engagement on Sept. 9-Edward Poland's New Play-Al Lipman to Play "The Burglar" Next Season-Prof. Herrmane's Trick Cross.

Miss Lillian Lewis will open her season in New York City Sept. 9. During the engagement she will appear as Cora, in "L'Article 47:" Lena Despard, in "As In a Looking Glass:" Mercy Merrick, in the "New Magdalen," and as "Dona Sol," in that play. The company supporting Miss Lewis, as far as now engaged are: W. A. Whiteer, Ivan Peronet, Hazel Selden, Mary Lawman, Rolf Bell, J. S. Briston and Lawrence Marston.

" Strictly Confidential" is the title of a new three-act society comesty just completed and copyrighted by the author-comedian, Edward

Owing to the many details which are necessary to properly represent the recent fight at Richiurg the management of the Eden Musce find that they canno have the figures of Suilivan and Kilrain properly prepared be-fore the middle of next week. The noted fighters will be shown stripped to the waist, and every muscle correctly reproduced.

The reconstructed play of "Cheek" will be given at Stanford on Saturday evening next by Churles Bowser and the company en-gaged to support him

At Lipman has been engaged by Managera Matthews and Smythe for next season to play the part in "The Burglar" new being played by Maurice Barrymore at the Madison Square

Manager Arousen has closed contracts with an e-ectric light commany for the latest sys-tem of incardescen. I guting for the stage, starrase and buffet floor of the Casino. It will be ready for n e by July 24.

Gus Bruno is in nego lation with Manager J. M. Hill, of the Union Square Theatre, for the unduction there of a new farcical comedy called "A Strange Family."

Prof. Herrmann is treating with a young amateur magician of Wail street for the sale of a trick cross, with which the Professor was very successful at the Academy in 1875. cross was a very ingenious contrivauce. which created a great deal of surprise to the audience at the time. When it was hrst shown Mme. Herrmann was strapped to it firmly. It was then covered, and after a comparatively short time the covering was removed, the cross was bare and Mme. Herrmann was discovered in the audience.

Answers to Correspondents, H. W .- Kilrain got first blood.

A. X. - "A usual effort" is proper.
J. K. - There is danger of falling off.

F. G.-A horsecar is drawn, not propelled. Constant Readers. - Rentz Santley is the name f the troupe.

the troupe.

A Poor Girl.—No railroad furnishes tickets at duced rates to poor people. R. C. C.—Sullivan broke his arm in a sparring out with Patsey Cardiff.

S. M.—The 'Miss' is superfluous. Simply sign name with initials prefixed.

J. H. Hodgeton.—No foreigner is allowed to you in this country unless he becomes a citizen. L. J. J.—There is no home to which an old coman can gain admission by collecting post-

woman can gain admirately age at an age at amps.

Adelphia Street—There is a preparation sold for restoring the color of yellow leather travel-Frank B. - The engagement and wedding rings are both worn on the third finger of the lett hand.

N. B. Franklin.—If the store is hired by the mouth the tenant must move if the landlord gives a month's notice.

Oscar Schmittt, -You can procure land grants, utable for sheep raising, in Texas or New

George Hahn.—The legal rate of interest thanged by pawnbrokers is 3 per cent. a north for the first six months, and 2 per cent. a month thereafter, on sums under \$100.

In a Pretty Bad Fix.

On a Southern railroad. First Pa-senger-Pretty dull trip?

Second Passenger-Yes; one can't sleep, and there is absolutely nothing to read. If I could only get hold of a newspaper I wouldn't are if it was a year old. First Passenger—Just my fix: but I've been around, and there isn't a bustle on the train.

A Good Garment for July. From the Terre Haute Espress.]

He-What made you start so? She-I didn't hear you coming. I was wrapped in thought.

He—Well, that ought to make a pretty confortable costume these hot days.

If You Use Tobacco or Stimulants Jenn a certainly should use Carter's Little Norve Pills. . . agin!

She loved Richard with all her heart, but

'Yes, this makes the sixth time I have

Penelope was an herress, though, to a mill- proposed," he said, savagely, still looking "I have always told you," smiling slightly

She was an orphan and had been reared by at his remark and lowering her voice as she a sensible old aunt, who would doubtiess glanced apprehensively at a girl seated on a bench near by, "that I will not marry you as Penelope knew her defects as well and bet- long as you live as you do. I have money ter than did other people. She had no vanity enough for two, so it makes no difference whether the man I marry has any or not. But I can't and won't marry a-a worthless man-one who has never done anything and is too indolent to do snything. I want a husband who has some ability-who has accomplished something-just one worthy thing even, and then, well, it won't make so much difference if he is indolent afterwards. You know, Dick, how much I care for you.' softly, "how fond I am of you, but I will not marry you until you prove that you are

able to do something." "It's all very easy to talk about," he redied savagely, "but what can I do? I don't dare risk what little I have in Wall street. I don't know enough to preach or to be a doctor or a lawyer, and it takes too infernally long to go ack to the beginning and learn. You object to my following the races, and I couldn't sell ribbons or run a hotel to save me, Tell me pointing to the girl on the other beach. what to do, Penelope, and I will gladly make out to frown you down did I not promise to lie on the ground if she's awake: " be your escort, and baven't I faithfully got at unearthly hours to keep my promise?" | taking several peanuts from her reticule and "And only late-let us see how many tossing them towards the gray squirrels, she is i.t."

thought that your foolish whim would seps. curiously. rate us forever I'd--- Oh, darling, you

THIS ALABAMIAN HAD NERVE, SAH.

I am from Alabama, sals,

In the wah I could relate Quiet men with nerves of steel, sale

Gentlemen, sah, born and bred;

They will not return a blow, sah,

Is not common there as heah.

We are made of finer stuff, sah,

More like wire than lager beah

With big feet and bullet head,

He would soon be very dead.

I remember seeing once, rah.

In a big saloon down there

From Missouri or somewhere, A dead shot with pistols too, sale,

Who had often killed his man

He was cursing 'round the place,

In the place to take a drink.

But sat quietly alone.

Boss of all be seemed to think:

hen be ordered every man, sah,

A small chap who duin't look, sab

Then the bully blustered round, sala

No. sale! I drink with gentlemen

I think the choice of weapons, sah

In such a deliberate way, athout any fuse, that the bullying cuss

t last he asked in a blustering voice.

When and where the fight would be

"Colt's navy," the little chap said. That suited the bully, with them he had

The pistols were brought, loaded in sight

The big fellow drank and swaggered, sah

Across which he could reach.
'Take your place," said he to the buily,
"'On the other side of this table,"

Though to guess what he meant to do, sah,

The bully looked queer, the little chap grave,

The little man said: " Now, sab, in my mouth

Place your pistol's muzzle, and I Will place mine in yours. Fire at the word;

saw he meant business, threw down his gun

He held up his gun, the bully turned pale

He moseyed right smart out of town, sah,

And was seen around there no mo'. While the little chap quietly went his way,

When starving themselves; insult them, sah.

Past Delights.

(The young lady on the right has just been

WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

And looked in the little chap's eye.

And actually turned, sah, to fly.

That's the kind of men we raise, sah

As a friend they'll give you bread

They'll quietry shoot yo' dead.

The pistols were laid on the table, sah,

And the place was as silent as death.

Gentlemen, take your weapons," and

And the rest of us held our breath,

Each took his pistol in hand,

Two trips to the other land.

To kill yo' I'm ready to die."

No larger, sah, than befo'.

At that range shooting meant, sah,

And offered to fight the whole town.

Right heah and now, sah, " was replied;

What are your weapons?" the bully asked,

And told him to drink or fight: ever dreamed that little chap, sah,

Would fight any one on sight.

le spoke in an even, quiet tone,

Didn't really know what to say,

'I think that will suit me.

Shot many a good man dead.

A greaterowd gathered around,

The little chap rose in a quiet way, Like a parson when going to preach, and took his stand by a table, sah,

No person there was able.

And not with yo', " said he.

As usual, rests with me.

As if he could throw a stone.

there was one man, sah, who didn't,

That he just the whole town ran,

in a duel, and he reckoned

great giant of a fellow

ry to bully men down there, sale

Let your big fist fighting brute, sah,

But instead will shoot yo' dead.

Vulgan fighting with the fists, sab.

BY THE EVENING WORLD POET Fine old State, sah, white man's State; Many a tale of her brave fellows

Alderman Flyan's Disheartening Experience with a Pair of Yellow Shoe

It is not a strange sight to see one of our Aldermen in his shirt sleeves. In fact, when an Alderman reaches the City Hall after a patronage of the departments, he is very apt to divest him-elf of his coat. But an Alderman in his stocking feet is not often on public exhibition.

At 11 A. M. yesterday large-sized, bighearted Alderman Cornelius Flynn, of the First Assembly District, sat near a window in the private room of the members. He was in his stocking feet. His bose was of im-maculate whiteness and not a Chinese laundry

mark was plastered on them.

'You must excuse this breach of etiquette," said Aiderman Flynn as the reporter of The Evening World entered the room.

'I was walking up Breadway a little while ago and was coaxed into buying a pair of those yellow shoes—the kind that is all the go now. I put them on and I tell you they just fell easy. just felt easy.
"Well, as I struck the park I met Police

Commissioner Martin and he looks at the shoes and then asks: Where is your cigarette 'Aba !' vells Assemblyman Hagan, 'so

"Aba" vells Assemblyman Hagan, 'so you have caught on to the yellows. Shoot them or you never will be re-elected again."

"As I entered the City Hail several of my constituents ran behind the marble pillars. I head one of them remark: 'I she off.'

"Once inside here Aldermen Sullivan, Butler and Divver got at me. They spoke seriously and netwest me to shake the yellow shoes if I intended to stick to politics.

"What did I do? Why, I ust took the yellows off and sent them back to the shoemaker.

maker. "Ah, here come my old brogans," and a bootblack rushed in with the Alderman's callskin gatters.
"De man," exclaimed the bootblack,
"kicked. He told me to tell the Alderman
that the vellows had been stretched and he

that the vellows had been stretched and he couldn't sell 'em agin."

In a few minutes Alderman Flynn had pulled on his old shoes and was on his way to the Department of Public Works.

"Why," said a Tammany Hall man of the First Di-trict, "if Flynn wore those yellow shoes and was seen with them on Greenwich and Washington streets he might as well get out of volities. Yes, sir, it would cost Tamout of volities. Yes, sir, it would cost Tammany Hall thousands of votes if any of its representatives in the Beard of Aldermen or the Legislature or any of its leaders should wear yellow shoes."

Luxuries of Life Indulged In by New York's Newsboys.

Any one to look at the average newsboy, ragged, dirty and with bare feet, would never accuse them of living high. But they do, nevertheless, and they eat things that may cause people to open their eyes.

This doesn't mean beef and beans. The newsboys disdain such solid food in this weather, and go in for dainties.

An Eventso World reporter saw a crowd of boys standing around a woman on Park Row the other day. Peoping over their shoulders he found that she was selling sandwiches. Such sandwiches they were and only a cells a piece.

and only a cent a piece.

Sie had an open box of sardines, a portion of which, with two sinall squares of bread, site sold for a cent. Egg. tengue, ham and corned beef sandwiches, all sold for a cent aniece. This could be washed down with a penny glas of lemonade, and for dessert, a penny quare of ice cream could be had. It this isn't high living at the rate of three cen is a meal, then what is?

A Cast Steel Gun Which Secretary Trac Hesitates About Accepting. Secretary Tracy is considerably perturbed over the question as to whether he shall ac cept the steel gun cast by the Thurlow Steel Casting Company, of Chester, Pa.

The gun was tested recently and stood the statutory experiment of ten rounds without bursting. The test was made on the naval ordnance proving grounds at Washington.

If a liberal construction is put on the law
the gun can be accepted, but according to a

The Closing of an Important Outlet.

The blockade of a port is not more injurious to its comnerce than is even the temperary obstruction of the cowels to the health of the system. Constipation necesily arrests the secretion of bile, impedes and disc ind most effective, as it is also the most genial, lazative and anti-bilious medicine in existence is Hostetter's evereign efficacy as a preventive and remedy for intemittent and remittent fever is largely due to its reform atory action upon the liver, an organ projudicially in volved in all malarial complaints. Persons with a ter giving an account of what she had to eat at the Sunday-school picnic.)

Em'ly (the young lady in the centre)—Oh.

Stomach Bitters, which invariable checks it at the out-Jonnie, do tell us about the chicking salad | set. The weak, moreover, are invested with strength by

LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.

HERE AND THERE SKETCHES BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS,

strict construction of the law it falled, as during the test it developed very material expansion in the powder chambers and several flaws throughout the length.

European gunmakers have long ago stopped making the solid cast gun, claiming it was unreliable and dangerous.

A Solution of the Question.



Shares -I'm in a great quandary what to do with my son. I must put him to work at omething, he's leading such a fast life. Putts - Why not make a telegraph messen-

SMOKE



Turkish&Virginia TOBACCO. Absolutely Pure

and Wholesome. BUSINESS NOTICES.

CONSTIPATION, WHICH GIVES RISE TO many graver troubles, is our of and prevented by Carter's Little Liver Fills. Try them and you will be convinced. WE HAVE TOLD YOU "OVER AND OVER"
again—use "KNAPP'S ROOT BEER EXTRACT" at
home! 23e, and 50e.

AMUSEMENTS.

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BUJOU THEATRE. Broadway, near 30th st. WILLIAM AND SATURDAY. MANHATTAN BEACH. PAIN'S POMPEIL.
The grandest speciacle gere produced, 500 people

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Every evening except Sandays and Mondays.

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CLOVER: MICAULL MICAULL
MATCHOVER: OPERA
MATCHES SATURDAY. MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Evenings at 8.30.

BURGLAR

K OSTER 4 HIAL'S CONCERT HALL Matiness Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, WONTE CRISTO, JR. THE GAIETY DANCERS, THE AUSTIN, SISTRE DOCKSTADER'S THEATRE Last week but one, Evenings K. 30. Saturday matines at 2. BURLESQUE-SULKAIN AND KILLIVAN FIGHT.

EDEN MUSEE

TERRACE GARDEN, 58th st., pr. 3d are. To-night (by request), Boccaccio, Fri., Begrar Student Bat., Belle Helene, Georgine von Januschowsky every eve'ng.

that she has been drinking too much, and if you wake her she will doubtless make it unpleasant for you." "How uncharitable you are," indignantly exclaimed Penelope, who feared no one. She had seent much time and money in doing deeds of charity, and she had met all sorts and conditions of women. That a woman was in trouble and she could help her, was all

Penelope cared to know. Richard walked along with her, and when they stopped Penelope, bending down, peeped beneath the brim of the lace hat which, with its abundance of red roses, was tilted over the motionless girl's tace.

"She is sleeping," she whispered softly to Dick. "Her eyes are closed. She has a lovery face."

'Has she, indeed?" and Dick, with increased interest, beut to look. "She is very pule and-I em afraid that she is ill," in an awed tone, "Young lady!" he called neryously.

The girlish figure never moved. Richard's and Penelope's eyes met with a swift expression-a mingled look of surprise and

"My dear !" called Penelope, gently shak

ing the girl by the shoulder. The lace hat tumbled off and lay at their feet : the little hands, which had been folded loosely in her lap, fell apart and the girlish figure dropped leng hwise on the beach.

Breathlessly and sciently the frightened young couple looked at the beautiful upturned face framed in masses of golden hair : the blue-timmed eyes, with their curly dark

Nervously Richard touched the cheek of "What's wrong there?" called a gray-

Penclope silently looked at Richard, wait-

"Pench ps. don't," he pleaded. "You know I love you. Why, Pench, love, if I of the unhappy lovers, stopped to view them it is speak to her." declared Penchope, impulsively.

"110? Do you think to, Dick? I am going to speak to her." declared Penchope, impulsively.

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[To be continued to-morrow.]

" MY GOD! THE GIBL IS DEAD."

"Hush!" she whispered, warningly, ing a nut in his little mouth, quickly fol-"Oh, she is asleen," Dick replied care-

"Don't, I wouldn't," urged Dick. "You gasped: ion't know anything about her. She may

the attempt. When you took a-a craze to lessly. "See, her parasol has rolled off her here," said Penelope, returning to the sub- skin; the parted lips in which there lingered walk in the Park every morning before your knee to the ground, and no young woman is ject of the girl, "Do you suppose she put a bit of red. friends, who don't think it good form, were going to allow a new La Tosca sunshade to her hat over her eyes in that manner to keep the light dut of them or was it done to keep paller and felt for the heart and pulse. "She must be sleeping," Penelope said, 'a chance passer-by from staring at her?"

The one, with a little whistling noise scam | lon't know anything about her. She may pered up the nearest tree and the other, tak- have been out all night, or you can't tell but

"I have not seen her move since we came lashes resting gently against the colorless

"I don't know," carelessly, "Probably uniformed officer, who had left his horse near the edge of the walk.

" My God! The girl is dead."

had been left a modest legacy, that, though was provoking.

BY

THE YOUNG GIRL ON THE BENCH.

Instead of answering, as good-mannered less ornaments of society that live and die

NELLIE BLY. Anthor of " Ten Days in a Mad-House" and " Six Months in Mexico."

CHAPTER I.

"And that is your final decision?" I making him far from wealthy, was still Dick Treadwell gazed sternly at Penelope enough to support him in idieness. doward's downcast face and waited for a

oung women generally do, Penclope intently | without doing good or any great harm. watched the tips of her russet shoes as they | That he was an ornament, however, none preared and disappeared beneath the edge her gown, and remained silent. of the girl, who had seared herself beside him When she raised her head and met that bore ample testimony that she was not un-

ook, so sad and yet so stern, the faintest conscious of his manly charms. bladow of a smile placed a pleasing wrinkle Dick took off his straw hat, and after rund the corners of her brown eyes. ning his firm, white fingers through his "Yes, that is-my final decision," she re- kinky, light hair, crossed one leg over the peated, slowly. other, while he brooded moodily on his

Dick Treadwell dropped despondently on a peculiar face. His frank, boyish expression, beach and, gazing steadily over the green that won him so many admirers, was disawn, tried to think it all out. He felt that he was not being used quite blue eyes gazed unseeingly over the beauti-

fairly, but he was at a loss for a way to ful vista before him. remedy it. Here he was, the devoted slave of the get such crazy ideas, any way. There were and was ble-sed with an unusual amount of ther plain girl beside him, who refused to blenty of girls who made no effort to hide solid sense. warry han, merely because he had never their admiration for him, and he knew that

He was one of those unfortunate mortals | Her very obstinacy, her independence, made

orried his brain with a greater task, since | wasn't for Penelo, c. ats school days, than planning some way to But, somehow, Penelope had more attraction for him than any girl he had ever met.

Penelope Howard was in no wise Dick Treadwell's mate in beauty. MYSTERY OF CENTRAL PARK.

She was slender to boniness and tall, but willowy and graceful, and one forgot her murky complexion when gazing into the still gazed across the green lawn, trying to depths of her bright, expressive eyes and find a neutral footbold, as it were, "that I catching the curve of a wonderfully winsome | told you before "---

ion dollars or more, and so no one ever called away. her plain.

leave ber another million.

YES, THAT'S MY FINAL DECISION," SHE BE PEATED BLOWLY.

Penelope Howard was well aware that she his litto white bands with toil, nor they could be had for the asking, if it only would not have to go begging for a busband. While she had loved handsome Dick Trendwell ever since the year before she graduated at Vassar, where he had gone to pay his devoions to a fair graduate and came away head bossessed of an indolent disposition, and her all the more charming to him, even if it over heels in love with Penelope, yet she was in no hurry to marry.

there was a barrier between them which he alone could remove. "You know, Dick," she said, softly, as he

don't doubt my love, do you?"